

The title of this magazine, which is taken from the second line of Whitman's poem, "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking", a poem that describes the birth and growth of the creative urge and traces its triumph over the powers of negation, is intended to symbolize a desire to bring things together in our community; to make a close-woven texture of the best art work and the best literary work produced by Cooper Union students; to create communion at a time of stress inside and outside the college. After all, this is the Cooper Union.

Contributions are invited and welcomed (alumni are asked to send literary work only, at this time)

We hope this fabric will warm us all.

Writers, artists, and  
particularly production  
people are needed

The Musical Shuttle

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John Kaufman

"Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,  
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle . . ."





## The Musical Shuttle

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Anthony Tsirantonakis.

Thanks to Deans Gore, Sadek and Vopat for their encouragement and assistance. Thanks also to Jonathan Williams for suggesting the title.



Dona Juana

Dona Juana

Sharp as a machete

Sneaking up behind the banana tree

Saw us take a bath by pouring buckets over each other

Went to warn her daughter, Vivina

Who then came more often, bringing us enormous duck eggs

And avocados.

Lisa Schwartzberg

verspers

esperino            for the twilight

coral before the blueblack  
the sky, pink, falls behind  
strawberry hair and fields of  
flowers and lace  
laugh little children laugh  
tumble run tumble  
maria play sophoula  
play esperino

proino            for the morning

bell sing me a dirge  
es to onoma, to patera  
granite smell your roses  
dry your tears  
stou iou kai stou agiou pneumati  
earth feed my child  
amin  
milk her  
bell sing me a dirge  
maria sophoula  
bell sing me a dirge

nuhterino            for the night

morning blue  
cold potatoes  
the eyes they see right to me  
I ran, I ran but you were on  
the other side  
hrusi mou  
maria sophoula  
play esperino

Anthony Tsirantonakis



## Drinking Alone Beneath the Moon

Flowers strewn among a lonely pot of wine  
As I drink alone  
I lift my cup to entice the silver Moon  
She shines on me and we become three.  
Although the shadow follows my body in vain, and  
The brilliant Moon will not drink with me,  
I will sit with the Moon and my shadow.  
For it is Spring and its pleasures must be caught  
I sing to the Moon who wanders here and there,  
I dance while my shadow embraces me,  
When awake, we enjoy our times together  
When we are full of the wine spirit, we say goodbye  
Our passionless friendship will always tie us  
Until we meet again, in the far river amongst the clouds.

Li Po (701-762)

Translation: Chester Lee

## Dark Man

Dark walls watching time and sawdust  
ripen about soft laughter as he enters  
to cage the corner seat  
Dark smell of stale wood curls thick  
and warm with clicking clinking of  
chipped mugs measured freely  
foamy heavy with happy homeless  
a happy liveness stupor  
Dark drink bottom's up top side down  
the hatch here's one for the  
Dark man drinks cornerly to his tired  
wall leaning to rest on a rusty  
chain of memories  
Dark dismal corner cages fat father,  
leaf cracks and floorward from his  
hair he cries faceward to his cup.

Jordan Lee Wagner

## Between The Act

The whole summer, I had watched you racing along the shore  
Our camels breathing heavy, you were lying there, panting for breath.

Was there really enough room, with all the white walls  
and the white linen ? I had taken your signature and crumpled it.  
Were you full ? It couldn't have been. It just couldn't have been.

The blisters of sleep floating on the unrehearsed bedroom puppetry  
Something like sandpaintings and loopholes while the seagulls  
the sparrows and the pigeons deserted the beach.

A serpent had swallowed the shoreline and  
the contour of your peach tree had shifted across our bedroom.  
I then had kissed your doorknobs and the tide had come in.

Should I have opened a window ? The draperies  
shifted in a new light. We'll have to restage it  
somehow the horizontal didn't sink into the orange.

Somehow your tongue rediscovered everything too dirty not to  
have mentioned. Luckily, we had hammered our way through winter  
with all the vegetables carrots tomatoes and string beans.

"When I journey with the Lamb"

The Light from a dead star  
Mugged an Angel in Central Park  
More reason to leave the World.  
When I journey with the Lamb  
I walk into the sea wearing only black gloves.  
The sky darkens  
And becomes a mourning  
When we see the house  
Beyond the stench  
Of the moon-dog  
Lying dead  
Near the Stag's head that was once carried through the skies.

I remember dying in Asia  
And with leaves around my ears  
Shaved with my seamen and disappeared.

I woke in the throat of a frog  
Cursing its homelessness on the dark shore  
Of a river already forgotten  
Except for the wood  
Of the table on which I write.

Today, in the picture collection of the New York Public Library  
I hounded the image of Christ with my fingers  
Through grey bins  
Always in the wrong places

"Circus,"

"Circumcision,"

"Christmas,"

Then I saw His name in the bin  
Typed on a sealed folio on which someone had written:

"He is not here,  
He is risen."

Joel Peter Witkin



## Baby Face

i wish i knew you  
when you wore hats with feathers and fruits  
tight dresses with a tickets size ten  
stockings with seams  
a good looking man on your arm

i bet you knew the steps  
how to pose one baby doll behind the other  
you knew the way to cross your legs  
bringing the skirt to the knee with class

i bet you knew the steps  
how to jitterbug without shaking your breasts  
you knew the way to mix color for your lips  
marking the lids with a pencil for the beauty mark

i wish i knew when you cut the three tier cake  
held his hand as the knife hit the cream  
moved your head to smell the double orchids  
arrange your hair and pull the gloves tight to the wrist  
smooth the lines of your hips.

i wish i knew you  
when the dress fell  
and you were standing in the lace slip smiling

## Where Are We Now

Where are we now I mean where  
did we leave off that is where do  
we pick up from where we loafed  
off.

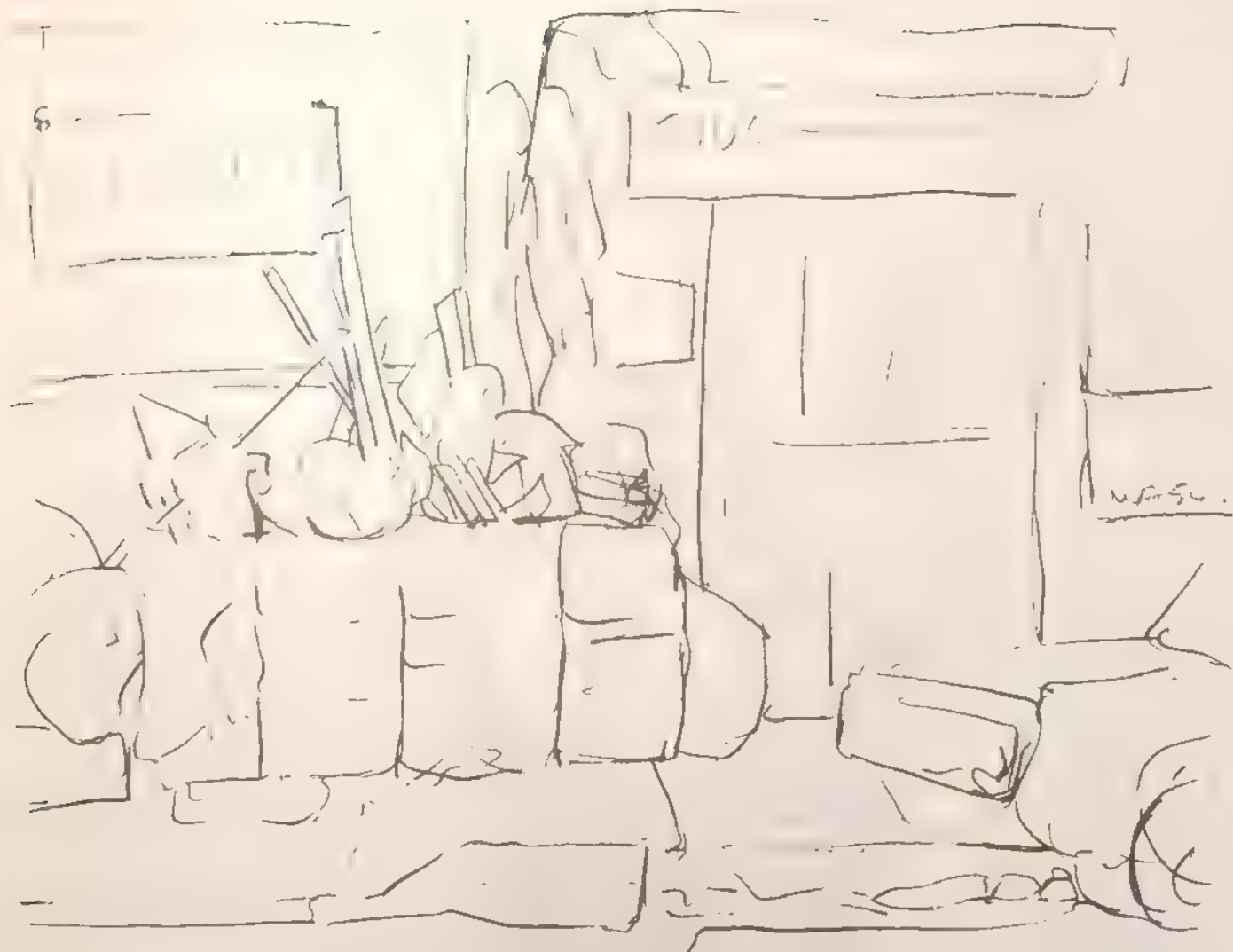
What I'm saying in reality  
is why are we being held here  
by a swarm of 300 Pyrenees  
natives.

It's not that I'm complaining  
I like to have my toes painted  
but these guys chew it off  
after.

What must I do to get through  
with you.



Dorothy Black







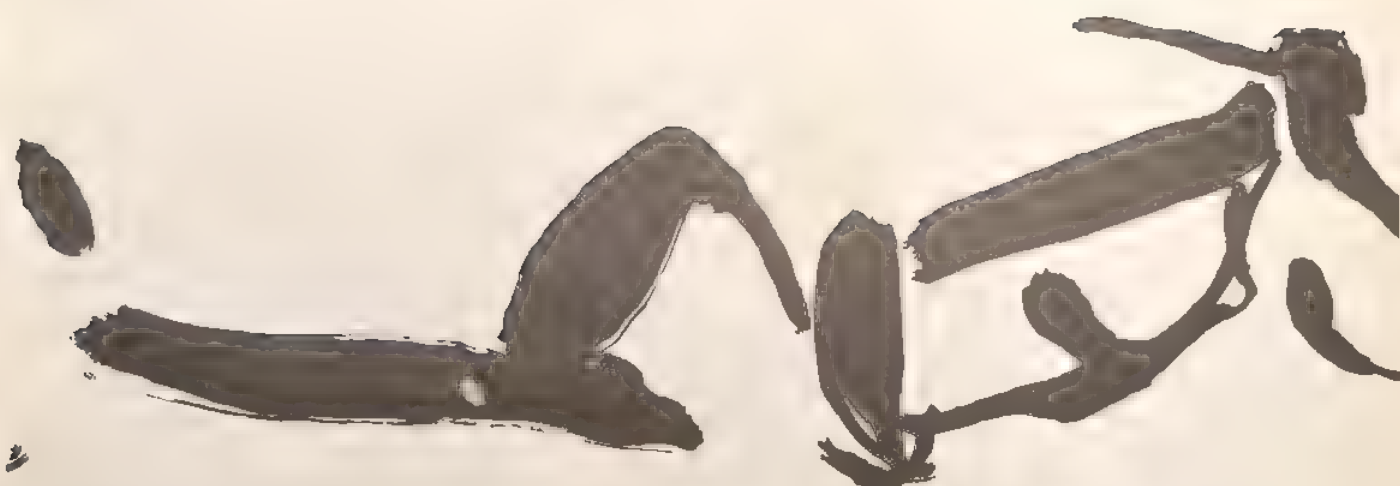


Peter Solow



Juan Sanchez





Roy Ruan









## Daydream

We sat in the room you	Did I say
became faceless	paintings are like dreams
at the table your	had both
head became an egg	did both
balanced on your arm	forgot both
its mate slept unaware	when you woke
of the tablecloth	So
the act sat	We looked at ourselves
accompanied by	grow then sat
Rhinemaidens on the phono	and slept
I held up my end	upright
of the chat	Your yolk leaked
of the table	from the side of your head
in our laps	been an egg
it got precarious	for an hour
	I glimpsed the city
	as it walked by
	the window
	The Rhinemaidens screamed
	How could I imagine
	their abrupt darkness
	their stolen go.d
	the home of the gods
	the love denounced
	the gnome deprived
	the Rhine depths
	or Walhal neights
	A talk
	with the clock
	til you woke



the heated food  
was tortured by the draft  
allowed by the  
permissible window  
Alberich was  
denouncing love  
when I saw  
the situation  
on canvases  
on walls

I saw your place today  
as I saw you an egg  
the possessions  
appeared as  
your perspiration  
the head had beads  
still an egg  
Wotan betrayed the giants  
while I stared at  
the candle unlit  
fire sent my thoughts to  
the gotterdammerung  
how could I imagine  
the consummation  
But I could see  
the twilight of the day  
of the towers  
become torches  
on the pier

Michael De Cain

Somewhere on the Champs-Elysees

sitting naked on the cobblestones  
cooing to my pigeons  
I contemplate the iron gate  
rusting past all recognition  
doffing a hat I don't wear  
to the sisters as they fill in my history  
I give my card  
The King of Hearts  
accepting my crown, I pause  
and ask His Holiness to read to me  
the inscription on the stone portal  
"Hospice d'Alienes"  
jumping from the band wagon  
pigeons in a cage  
I scramble past the gate  
pulling it closed after me  
to keep the world in.

Reservoir Road

Running, it escapes me,  
Or I it.

Star deep,  
Grit close,  
I part new mist,  
Body keenly earth.

In my darkness  
Skin considers  
Sun, and sweat,  
One stone.  
Beyond,  
The wind  
Only moves,  
Streams new forever.

Riddle

Yourself  
Though images inverted,  
Faces halved and re-assembled change.  
Survival in position.  
Watch eyes move.  
You vanish.

Their eyes  
Their you  
In motion  
Always, never seen.



if suddenly, one day . . . suddenly it dawned on you.  
It occurred to you. Suddenly, you were an imposter . . .  
Then as suddenly you dawned on you, frighteningly  
enough you found a domestic scene of " you, eating  
ice cream in suburbia with a volumptuous suburban  
domain, fixings and all, station wagons . . . "

Then a neighbor comes out and dances bloody  
curses at you and spits a brown glob over a clean  
white fence. You chance to smell worms wiggle out  
of his spit, his true nature and identity shatter  
you. Suddenly you arise and speak through the author  
of the imposter and a lack of amnesia brings familiar  
birds out of forgotten trees. You start to laugh  
at the layers in the rock but they protected you.  
You laugh at insurance but when the house caught  
fire you climbed to the roof of your mouth to shout  
down blankets and drown the flames to sleep.

You grow tired but more confident and grumble  
at all sudden ignorance.



## Birthright

If childhood is green  
And before that, infancy, yellow  
And even before that, black - there is no light in the womb  
If childhood is green, a canary hopping over new shoots  
on the upper branches of the Spring tree  
At what point does it abruptly become aware of the redness  
of the evening ?  
The sting of redness in a tunnel where echoes bombard us  
And when is the first welcome glimpse of purple light  
At the far end where red becomes blue ?  
If maturity is blue, moving along confidently  
Then suddenly, everything goes white, and this change is especially  
frightening because you had taken colors for granted,  
like old friends  
When the whiteness seems permanent  
And you begin to notice its colors  
Things begin to yellow at the edges, like a smoker's fingers  
Not the bright yellow that the crawling baby sees  
But a yellow on the way to brown, well-patinated from being  
handled, body oils, perspiration  
Then, an old person has accumulated layers and layers of colors  
From each time his way of seeing changed  
Four primary phases are his natural birthright  
Plus all the blended transitions that soften each threshold  
What if the normal progression is suddenly cut, as happens  
all the time ?  
Then the bleeding end must close up  
The colors bleed together to seal off the open end  
And whereas it would normally take a lifetime  
Of smelling green  
red feelings blue voices then dreaming  
white rainbows, the entire spectrum swirls before the closing eyes  
And surrounding his shrinking form, his thoughts  
He will be protected and complete.

## The Facts

You bleed into your experiences - -  
music is the best antidote :  
Dance yourself  
out of the facts.

Facts that remain here, full-blown,  
like some drunken orchestra - -  
Facts beeping like horns.  
The mind's traffic, stuffed with icons,  
middle-class guilt,  
Facts rolling towards you like  
candy cigarettes - -

Chew them before they chew you;  
Stand on the corner,  
hoping some insolent thirteen-year-old  
will sweep you into the bedsheets  
of history;

Why hesitate ?  
There are heroes in the flesh,  
& they guide us  
as well as northern stars.

Today will destroy them - -  
the facts;  
Close your mind like a lovely  
black umbrella, praying for days  
of light;

Focus on minor polarities - -  
the weather, the news, the latest hot flash  
in the neighborhood.  
Be provincial;  
devise a recipe for sleep,  
care-charmer sleep,  
as light as a souffle - -  
like Christ, you will rise above these things.

Soon, feathers will fall out  
of April's throat - -  
Summer's voice, thick with bees & asphodels;  
A plaster-cast moon  
makes way for solid ground, a place  
you hardly considered, but now,  
Shangri-la,  
far from the facts.

The facts.  
that cold-climated country - -  
Dance yourself out of the facts.

Scholar Reclining Watching Rising Clouds

first hour	then the beach trails the moon like a puffy dog across the slot in mechanical heaven
second hour	the water runs off from the wet belly of mud to the mouth
third hour	its first ship brings its cargo of light to the sand
fourth hour	and sips the sleepiness of the drunken star
fifth hour	the red weather slowly lifting its August arms squints a great rip in the horizon
sixth hour	silently receding its clothing the sky steps forward for performance while reflection rolls away
seventh hour	through syncopation the assigned number of counts is written in the day by its measure and by your thumping across the edge like a clock
eighth hour	backs turn quickly as the ropes tie the sun to its pendulum
ninth hour	crossing the blue side of the reversible universe in its coat

tenth hour      crossing a drum  
the skin of your chest  
recalls its bones

eleventh hour    and its self  
beating in darkness  
beneath noontime eyelids

twelfth hour     the slow zenith  
forgets his shoes





Glenngo Allen King

